bright, energetic little woman, she nearly frightened me out of my wits at the first rehearsal by dancing round me on the stage in a perfect frenzy of anger at what she was pleased to call my stupidity. Then something I did suddenly pleased her, and she overwhelmed me with compliments and praise. After a time these became the order of the day, and she soon won my youthful affections. " Gross flattery," as a friend of mine says, " is good enough for me! " Madame de Rhona was, moreover, very kind-hearted and generous. To her generosity I owed the first piece of jewellery I ever possessed—a pretty little brooch, which, with characteristic carelessness, I promptly lost! Besides being flattered by her praise and grateful for her kindness, I was filled with great admiration for her. She was a wee thing—like a toy, and her dancing was really exquisite.

When I watched the way she moved her hands and feet, despair entered my soul. It was all so precise, so "express and admirable." Her limbs were so dainty and graceful—mine so big and unmanageable ! " How long and gaunt I am," I used to say to myself, " and what a pattern of prim prettiness she is ! " I was so much ashamed of my large hands, during this time at the Royalty, that I kept them tucked up under my arms ! This subjected me to unmerciful criticism from Madame Albina at rehearsals.

"Take down your hands," she would call out. *' *Mon Dieu /* It is like an ugly young *poulet* going to roost! "

In spite of this, I did not lose my elegant habit for many

years ! I was only broken of it at last by a friend saying that he supposed I had very ugly hands, as I never showed them ! That did it ! Out came the hands to prove that they were not so *very* ugly, after all! Vanity often succeeds where remonstrance fails.

The greenroom at the Royalty was a very pretty little